

The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 63 Park Row, New York.
 Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.
 Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada:
 One Year \$3.50
 One Month .30
 For England and the Continent and All Countries in the International Postal Union:
 One Year \$4.75
 One Month .35
 VOLUME 49.....NO. 17,262.

JAPAN'S ATONEMENT LAWS.



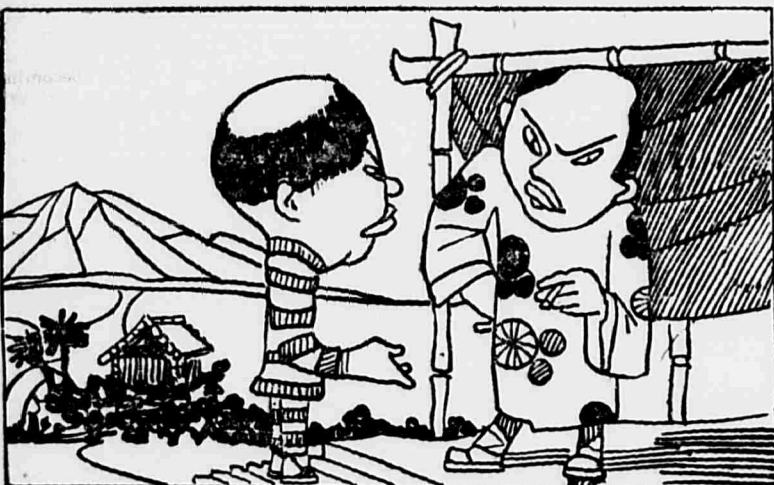
JAPAN is in advance of the United States in its treatment of former convicts. Its new laws preach a doctrine of forgiveness far ahead of any European or American country.

The old Japanese system was when a man had committed a crime to cut off his head. The punishment was simple, expeditious, inexpensive and tended to eliminate the criminal class.

Then with the imitation of Western civilization came the jail, the prison and the convict. That system worked no better in Japan than here. It takes a man who is more or less bad, locks him up while, makes him worse and then turns him loose again to commit another crime and to be locked up again. The stigma of the convict keeps him from ordinary employment. The police arrest him when they feel like it and for what they please. His honest ambition and self-respect are destroyed. He keeps on following the circle of crime.

So Japan has amended its penal code by providing that punishment is full expiation. Henceforth when a Japanese convict has served his term in prison his offense is wiped out. No one may ostracize him because of his crime. No employer may refuse to give him a job because he is a convict. He may not be discharged except for some other cause. No one may allude to his crime or to his conviction or insult him or his family on account of it.

The Japanese have a remarkable power of adaptability. They take to social experiments in the form of laws. They may make this experiment successful.



Applied to one kind of criminals, the principle that punishment is full atonement is a good one. To other criminals such treatment would be a waste of consideration.

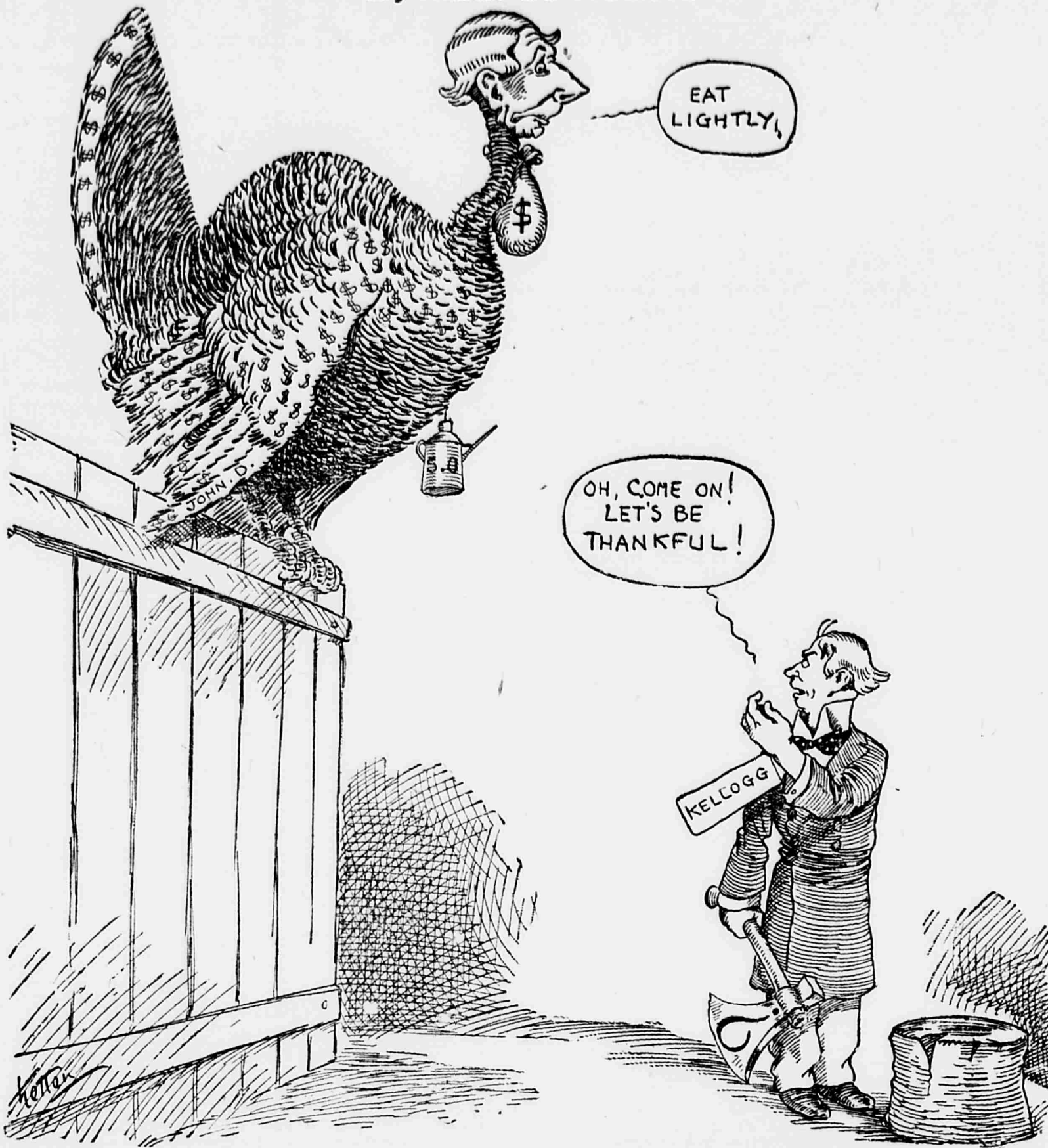
Crime is comparative, anyhow. About the same time that high insurance officials were receiving certificates of character from the District-Attorney's office little insurance clerks were prosecuted for overdrafts on the cash drawer. While Ryan was enjoying life in Europe more than three thousand Metropolitan conductors were discharged for knocking down fares and several of them were arrested and sent to jail.

After Elihu Root helped Ryan's office boy, Danny Shea, borrow \$2,000,000 from the State Trust Company he was promoted to the highest place in the Cabinet and is now a candidate for the United States Senate. When Charles W. Morse had his clerk Leslie E. Whiting borrow \$165,000 Morse was sentenced to the penitentiary.

Probably it would be no more difficult for the Japanese mind to understand American justice than for Americans to adopt the Japanese system of atonement.

A Hazardous Business.

By Maurice Ketten.



Mr. Jarr Receives a Weird Lesson in Womanly Tenderness When a Baby in the Car Performs a Whooping Cough Solo

By Roy L. McCardell.

THE car was bowling along at a rapid rate; the day was bright and fair. Mrs. Jarr was bright and fair also, for she had on:
 Her new moustache hat (with the black plumes).
 Her new two-piece black suit. (Fitted her perfectly).
 Her new black fur set. (Just matched her costume).
 Her new black mousquetaire kid gloves.
 Her new black cloth-topped patent leather boots. (Mrs. Jarr has a pretty little foot).
 A smile was on her face, perhaps because all these clothes were on her person. Happy days! Mr. Jarr scanned her critically with much inward satisfaction, and muttered to himself: "Bad, eh? What?"
 Now, don't you believe that a good husband and true isn't there with the kind-words thing.
 "I never saw you look—" he began, but was interrupted by a child of about a year old held in a woman's lap across the car. The child interrupted by barking in a curious manner and suddenly becoming black in the face.
 "That child's choking," said Mr. Jarr, changing his subject at the interruption. "Can't you help?"
 "She should be arrested," replied Mrs. Jarr, tensely. "The idea—the idea!"
 Then Mr. Jarr noticed that all the women of matronly appearance in the car had forgotten to think about their clothes as well.
 They were regarding the woman with the barking, black-faced baby with horror and indignation. But the indignation was stronger and more apparent than the horror. Indignation, as well as misery, loves company and makes hurried acquaintances.
 Mr. Jarr noticed that the other women in the car who had been regarding each other's clothes as follows:
 With envy.
 With scorn.
 With pity.
 With amusement.
 With contempt.

Now began to mutter to each other indignantly. Several women who had children with them jumped to their feet and, dragging their offspring till

it seemed their little arms must be pulled out of the tender sockets, cried shrilly for the conductor to stop the car, and they fled with their charges at either end of the car, without passing the woman with the barking, black-faced baby.
 Mr. Jarr was caught in the swirl, and, when he recovered his aplomb, found himself standing at the curb in the middle of an indignant meeting of mothers, while the car, bearing the woman with the barking, black-faced baby, sped on in the distance.
 "Did you ever?" cried one woman.
 "I'll write to the Board of Health and have the car fumigated!" cried another.
 "What was it's number?" asked a third.
 "I didn't notice," put in another, "but the conductor had a red nose. 'Isn't it a shame!'"
 Mr. Jarr glanced at the shame wasn't because the conductor had a red nose. The shame was that the woman was abroad with a barking baby.
 "What was it? What's the excitement?" he asked, mildly.
 "Don't you know WHOOPING COUGH when you hear it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. A murmur of rage and fear swept through the little knot of mothers, and then they separated.
 "Well, don't you care. Our children are not with us," ventured Mr. Jarr.
 "As if that made any difference!" wailed Mrs. Jarr. "Can't it be carried in one's clothes?" Oh, what shall I do? I should have my clothes fumigated, and you should have yours fumigated before we go home."
 "Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarr. "Our children have had whooping cough, anyway."
 "But they can get it again," said Mrs. Jarr. "And it's terrible on children—terrible! And it lasts for months. Willie and Emma had it all summer. Don't you remember, when we were out of town, we made the servant girl hold little Emma up to the phone so I could hear her coughing and see if she was getting any better? And don't you remember how we were ordered to take the children into the fresh air?"
 "Oh, yes," said Mr. Jarr. "And how every woman looked at us as if we were murderers!"
 "Well," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'm not going to hurry home. We'll call at the Ranglees. The longer we stay out!"
 "But the Ranglee children!" began Mr. Jarr.
 Mrs. Jarr regarded him coldly. "Think of your own!" she said.

The Story of the Operas

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 3—MASSENET'S JONGLEUR DE NOTRE DAME.

IT was market day at Cluny, near Paris. A throng of farmers and townspeople had gathered in the market place before the monastery of Notre Dame. The business of the day was over and the people looked about for some amusement.

It was at this lucky moment that Jean, a poor, half-starved young jongleur (mountebank), chanced to come into sight, plodding along the dusty road. The crowd hailed him with cries of joy, and bade him perform for them his repertoire of tricks. Jean bowed to the statue of the Virgin above the monastery door; then turned to the task of amusing the people. But his juggling tricks were old and he went through them awkwardly. His feet were heavy with weakness; so he danced badly. The crowd made fun of him. If he was to earn a few pence to buy food for his empty stomach he must do better. They called on him for a drinking song. He did not want to sing it; but hunger forced him to. First asking pardon of the Virgin for what he was about to do, he raised his sweet young voice in "The Hallelujah of Wine."

The prior of Notre Dame, scandalized at such a song, rushed out of the monastery and drove the crowd away. Then, turning on Jean, he rebuked the boy and threatened him with damnation for leading so loose a life. Jean faltered that he had meant no harm, and begged forgiveness. The prior, touched by the lad's repentance, suggested that Jean become a monk. Jean replied that he valued youth and liberty too highly to enter a monastery. But just then Boniface, the cook of Notre Dame, rode up to the door with a load of toothsome provisions for the brethren. Hunger conquered the love of liberty. Jean, picking up his bag of conjurer's tricks, crept into the monastery in the wake of the prior and Boniface.

It was Assumption morning. The monks were busy rehearsing their votive hymn for the holy feast. Jean felt lonely and miserable. He wanted to show his gratitude to the Virgin for the comfortable home and good food the monastery afforded him by composing a song in her honor, as other monks were doing. But he knew no Latin, and dared not sing her a song of thanks in his own native French. He lamented to the prior his inability to do anything for the monastery or for the Virgin. The Painter Monk, the Sculptor Monk and others advised him to learn their respective trades, and forthwith they proceeded to quarrel so fiercely as to which of their arts was the greater that the prior banded them all off to the chapel to pray for humility. Boniface, the cook, comforted Jean by telling him that the all-wise Virgin understood French as well as Latin and that she was as readily pleased by simple homage and the honest offerings of the heart as by grander gifts. The cook's words gave Jean a new idea. At last he had hit upon a way to show his gratitude to the Virgin.

The Painter Monk stood in the chapel gazing complacently on his new-finished picture of the Virgin. At sound of steps he slipped behind a pillar. Jean stole into the chapel, bowed low before the picture, and, throwing aside his monk's robe, revealed himself as mountebank once he also. As he did so before the picture his bag of conjurer's tricks. The Painter Monk, horrified, turned on to tell the prior of this sacrilege. But Jean meant no irreverence. He knew nothing but his mountebank trade, and he had come secretly to the chapel to give his best juggling and singing programme as an offering to the Virgin. Gravelly he set to work on his performance in her honor, singing song after song, going through his cleverest dances, playing his most mystifying tricks. While the boy was busily engaged in his strange sorcery to the Virgin three men noiselessly came into the chapel. They were the prior, the Painter Monk and Boniface. The prior was aghast at Jean's supposed blasphemy. He would have rushed upon the boy at once had not Boniface held him back. But as Jean whirled about in a jolly country dance the prior could restrain himself no longer. He sprang forward. Boniface caught his arm and pointed to the picture before which the lad had just fallen exhausted.

A heavenly smile illumined the Virgin's face. She stretched out her arms in loving benediction above Jean. Angel voices chanted hosannas. Jean started up gently at the monks' cry of wonder. But the prior exclaimed:

"You are a saint! Pray for us!"
 The boy had not seen the miracle. But now, as he gazed, the whole altar was bathed in an unearthly light.
 "I am here!" called Jean, as if in answer to some sweet mystical summons—and fell back dead.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to the Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp for each number.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland.



Love letters were invented by the Devil for the purpose of concealing, perverting and misrepresenting a man's real thoughts.

As soon as a young man becomes eligible it's as unsafe for a girl to leave her reputation around where his mother can get her hands on it as it is to leave the chicken alone to cool where the cat can reach it.

No, Evelyn, you can't freeze out the fire of a man's love, but you can choke it down to ashes with a good heavy blanket of reciprocity.

One consolation in being married to Henry VIII. must have been that the lady always knew it wouldn't last long.

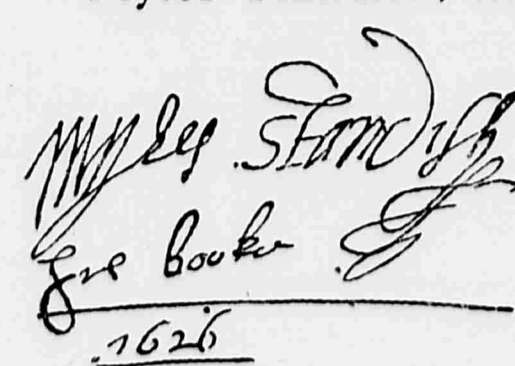
Many a man who professes to be willing to die for a woman before marriage wishes he had afterward.

A man never forgets his first love—nor forgives her if she marries him.

Love is the false alarm that rings us into matrimony.

The most uncomfortable thing about being a married woman is that you can't help resenting it when men don't pay any particular attention to you and you've got to resent when they do.

"Myles Standish, His Booke."



HERE is a fac-simile of Myles Standish's handwriting found on the fly-leaf of one of his books. The volume, which was recently offered for sale for \$1,000, is entitled "The Passions of the Mind in General," by Thomas Wright, published in 1621. Capt. Myles Standish, a human sword blade, whose valor saved the Pilgrims at Plymouth from utter destruction at the hands of hostile Indians, went back to England in 1625 on business for the colony. Before his return, in 1625, he bought this book and carried it back to America with him. The title by itself shows the sort of literature our stern New England ancestors reveled in. Had Standish brought home a novel or a book of poetry it would doubtless have scandalized the whole Puritan settlement.

Hot Foods Hurt Our Teeth.

THERE is no doubt that most people ruin their teeth and digestive system by taking food at too high a temperature. One cannot get into a hot bath if it is over 112 degrees; 105 degrees is dangerous, and even 100 degrees is warm. But from experiments made it appears that we eat meat at 115 degrees temperature, beans at 132 degrees, potatoes at 150 degrees. The average temperature of tea is 125 degrees, and it may be sipped, but cannot be swallowed in large quantities, if it exceeds 142 degrees.

The Day's Good Stories

A Cure for Athelism.

AT one army post where a number of recruits were temporarily stationed an old sergeant was ordered to ascertain to what religious sect each man belonged, and to see that the party told off for that particular form of worship. Some of the men had no liking for church, and declared themselves to be atheists. But the sergeant was a Scotman, and a man of experience. "Ah, well," said he, "then ye has no need to keep holy the Sabbath, and the stables has na been cleaned out lately." And he ordered them to clean out the stables. This occupied practically the whole day, and the men lost their usual Sunday afternoon's leave. Next Sunday the sergeant said that the atheists had all joined the church.

Why He Ate Them.

THE colonel of a volunteer regiment, camping in Virginia came across a camp painfully munching on something. His face was very wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.
 "What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.
 "Persimmons, sir."
 "Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you."
 "I know, sir; that's why I eat 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink my stomach to fit my ration."—Everybody's Magazine.

Letters From the People

As to Borrowers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I can sympathize with our out of town friend who complains of chronic borrowers. Perhaps she went to house-keeping under the wrong conditions (suburbanites, take notice); then, again, perhaps her neighbors, thinking she was "easy" and well to do, took advantage of her simplicity and borrowed from her. However, where there's life there's hope, and this may teach her a lesson. Oh, gratitude! What crimes are committed in thy name! J. S. C.

The Six-Inch Pipe.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 I observed a question as to whether the flow of two 3-inch pipes was equal to that of one 6-inch pipe. I beg to give my solution of same: Area of opening of two 3-inch pipes equals 3x3x.3544 or 14.1372 square inches. That of the 6-inch pipe equals 6x6x.3544, or 25.244 square inches. Hence the 6-inch pipe would empty twice as much as two 3-inch pipes. R. R.

New York in Old Times.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 A reader asks if hogs ran in the streets of New York City as late as 1860. Most assuredly they did. I remember a New York grocer in 1860 had a hoghead in which he kept cherry brandy. After the brandy was gone he threw the cherries into the gutter. In a short time there had congregated not less than twenty hogs to devour the cherries and the poor hogs were all made drunk. It was amusing to see the

poor things. I could tell you of a great many things that we old New Yorkers have seen—cattle driven through the streets in droves, sheep by the hundreds, oxen, &c. OLD TIMER.

The Four-Figure Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 In answer to H. A.'s four-figure problem. "How can 100 be made up of four numerals, none of which exceeds 10?" I submit this answer:
 29 = 100.
 9 M. H.

Origin of Marathon Race.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 What was the origin of the famous Marathon race? J. P. COLEMAN.
 When the Athenians beat the invading Persians at Marathon, Greece, in 490 B. C., the conquerors sent a foot messenger to carry the news to Athens, about twenty-five miles away. The messenger ran the whole distance (tired in armor, it is said), staggered into the market place of Athens, shouted the one word, "Niké!" (Victory!) and fell dead from exhaustion.

Pigs on Broadway.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
 It is quite true pigs ran riot in all parts of New York City up to the time of the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, as a correspondent asks. I know of boys riding on pigs' backs to school in those days. Now the pigs have elevated themselves! They now ride on the "L" trains and subways and surface cars.

The Ambitions of Sonny and Sue :- By Albert Carmichael

